

CRUMBS

LITTLE THOUGHTS on what
happened yesterday, what is hap-
pening today and what may happen
tomorrow, or things as they have
been, are, or should be. ♣ ♣ ♣



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MAKING RICHES AND LIVING RICHLY.

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Some men love money for what it can buy, some for what it can do and others for money itself. Of the miser and the spend-thrift, the latter is preferable, and of more use to the world, though a rich man need not and should not be either.

Somebody has said that money is not all, but it is 99 per cent. It is true that about nine men out of ten devote their sole ambition to "getting rich" financially. The other one man out of ten, may have worthier motives in life, such as becoming a missionary or a cynic, or something else other than a rich man. It is easy for a fortune-teller to say to the seeker for knowledge, "There is money in your fortune and your wish concerns money."

Church pulpits today decry the increase of the spirit of materialism; and indeed it is regrettable that this spirit is on the increase, due to the increased possibilities for luxury and pleasure which money now can buy.

It is well though to remember, in the mad rush for material wealth, that financial riches is not the sole happiness of life. The richest man is by no means the happiest man. You can safely say of the millionaire, "*Quoiqu'il soit riche, il n'est pas heureux.*" Victor Hugo said: "The life of the most prosperous man is always in reality more sad than gay." Generally speaking, the men of ugly tempers, of miserly charity and of dyspeptic stomachs, are the men of the millionaire class.

Riches in itself should not make a man a crank, indeed it should make him the jolliest, happiest, kindest and most useful man on earth. Said Marcus Aurelis, "Receive wealth or prosperity without arrogance, and be ready to let it go."

A hatred against monied men has grown because monied men for the most part have not lived up to the powers at their command. It is usually from the monied customer that the store-clerk receives the query, "*Est-ce la' votre dernier prix?*" Monied men ought to be good spenders, but as a rule they are not.

Many a millionarie has regretted the fact that he hadn't a living being that he could call his true friend. He gets an idea that his money is all of him that people love and because of

this he concludes that he will keep his wealth to himself. There are types of rich men who are very jovial to meet socially, but this joviality is confined to words; and seldom extends to the pocket-book, oft proving as Sancho said to Don Quixote, "Many words won't fill a bushel."

It is not necessary to agree with the biblical author who said, "Go now and howl and weep ye rich men for your misery that shall come upon you." Rather would you say: "Go now ye rich men and spend, spend on others, be charitable, kindly, benevolent."

It is regrettable too that so many a rich man has died, to leave behind him, not one foot-print on the sands of time. He is the type of rich man who did little good for even his own little part of the world, he gave to no man, lent to no man; and in Shylock fashion demanded the last atom of interest. Of him, it is said, in the words of Tennyson—

A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth,
To that last nothing under earth.

If wealthy men would learn how to live, to live that they might be loved and leave behind them something that would live after them, there would be less frenzied socialism, less anarchy, less bitter poverty. Not that men may cease to get rich, but that men may learn to live richly is the demand and the need of the present generation. Lowell in his "Heritage" pleaded thus—

"O, rich man's son: there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to be,
Worth being rich, to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son: scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor, to hold in fee.

UNIONISM AND WAGES.

Whether or no, we are in favor of this new unionism among the various laboring and trades classes, we have got to admit that it has resulted in a very substantial increase in wages. The call to arms now is to unorganized labor and unorganized trades. So far organizations have tended to put a premium on brawn rather than on brain.

For instance, in the average newspaper establishment, the news-editor and the senior reporters receive a salary, not much more than half of that received by the machine operators and even the two-third printer. The operators and the machinists receive double pay for over-time too, while the news-editor or the reporter gets nothing for over-time, not even a "thank you."

The average book-keeper, who must be quick of brain and thought; and puzzle out long rows of figures and read fine writing for eight or ten hours, usually receives less pay than the laborer on the street whose daily occupation is to shovel earth and like employment. This oughtn't to be so, but it is, and right in Canada too.

Right in Western Canada, a brick-layer can get sixty cents an hour, while a junior law partner will only receive half that rate as his weekly wage. Similar conditions exist in Eastern Canada. And the whole is the result of the unionism among one class and the lack of unionism among other classes.

The only remedy is the unionism of the present unorganized professions and trades. The book-keepers should get together and demand a wage at least as big as the laborer gets and the store clerks should do likewise. The news-editors and reporters on newspapers should also organize and get a stipend a little more in proportion to that received by the printers and machine operators. And the new unions might be strengthened by having the support of the already well organized unions. For instance the printers and union machinists might refuse to work on newspapers that did not employ union editors and union reporters. And the unionized public might refuse to purchase merchandise from stores which did not employ unionized clerks and unionized book-keepers.

Unionism has meant increased wages with the laborer and most of the tradesmen, and it should have a similar result with the various professions.

RENTABLE HOUSES AND THE BIRTH-RATE OF CITIES.

FOR RENT.

An all modern 7 room house on
select street. Long Lease.

NO CHILDREN.

"No children." Such is the restriction which land-lords place on their tenants and such is the restriction which has been playing havoc with the birth-rate among the better class of families in the cities of the United States, and which will shortly menace the birth-rate in the cities of Canada.

Even now, one has only to glance over the classified columns of the advertising sections of the Vancouver, Toronto, Winnipeg and Montreal newspapers to find this same restriction appended to rentable houses, and the two brief words, "No children," are becoming more common too in the smaller city leases.

Briefly, the situation is this. If a couple looking for a house to rent have children, their chance to meet with success in locating favorably is only one in ten, as compared with the couple who boastfully acclaim, "We have no children."

Slowly but surely that two-word restriction will make the fashionable and better sections of our Canadian cities, the childless sections of the cities, and Canada will face the problem which has worried other nations, an under-populated educated district and an over-populated uneducated section.

The day is practically over when a child in the family, must necessarily mean damaged furniture, chips off the woodwork and dents in the plaster. Anyway it would be far better if the land-lord protected himself by the lease to a recovery for damages sustained through the children of his tenants than to insist that his tenants must be childless.

It would be regrettable indeed if Canadian cities should duplicate the mistakes of the cities of other countries and allow in this very significant way, a discouragement to large fami-

lies. As the man with the family is usually the man who can least afford to own his own home and who therefore is most subject to the government of the land-lord, he is worthy of more sympathetic support when of necessity he goes "house-hunting."

And in these days when Canada is a country in the making, almost brand new, and every one of its cities crowded with "house-hunters" there should be some encouragement to the man with the family and every possible discouragement to movements which will discourage child-birth.



KNOCKERS AND GOSSIPS.

Every community has that type of humanity known as "gossips and knockers." These are people who spend the most of their time in decrying the motives of their fellow-men and in much mud-slinging. Their hands must forever remain stained with the color of the mud which they sling, for that is the demand of nature.

To see some hidden desire for personal gain in the public good works of various officials, to imagine an unseen greed for substantial returns in every charitable work of others and to substitute evil intentions for good, this is the work of the gossip and of the knocker. See one of them on a town corner and it is a safe bet that a reputation hangs in the balance.

It is encouraging though that as for actual results, in the long run their insults bring fame, their blackening makes illustrious and they succeed only in mingling with glory an outcry which increases it. It is because of "gossips" and because of "knockers" that a genius is usually an accused man, a philanthropist is termed a Pharisee and popularity is knocked to pieces.

It is because of gossips and small-minded talkers, that Shakespeare found it necessary to write that; "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." And here too is a justification for that proverb which states that; "Men's evil deeds we write in brass, their virtues we write in water."

The gossip has no respect for authority, no love for decency and no admiration for genius. He despises the clever man, hates the good man and is jealous of even the average man. His weapon is tongue-lashing and his strong-hold is cowardice. He knows no charity himself, he has no virtue himself, yet he is most ready to note the lack of these gifts in others.

And yet, every community, be it village, town, or city, has its full quota of gossips and its full quota of knockers. They do no good themselves, lead no big movements themselves, yet readily pose as judges of their fellow-men and as critics of their fellow citizens. Though their own existence counts for nothing, sometimes they succeed in going through life with much sound but when they have run their little span, they leave behind nothing, not even regret among their associates.

WHERE IS WOMAN ?

Scripture tells us that God made man first, then as a help-mate for man, woman was created. Close following of Scripture shows a teaching that woman should respect man, and man should love woman. Look over the civilized world, so called, and ask yourself, "Where is woman?" Etiquette teaches us many things, mostly a profound respect of man toward woman. Man must bare his head in the presence of woman, he must never remain seated while she stands, he must give her first place in all things. We are told that this demand of etiquette was first introduced to enable man, the stronger being, to show sympathy for woman, the weaker being.

But how has woman accepted this kindness of man? Disobey one of the rules of etiquette and woman snubs you grandly. She takes what man offers in kindness, as her due, not as favor, and sometimes she will even demand, if man fails to offer. Etiquette has many rules whereby man must respect woman, but sorrow of sorrows, it has no rules whereby woman must show respect to man. None. No, None.

Have we, as men, in a cultivation of kindness through several ages, placed woman on a pedestal and made of her a Goddess? Is it so, that in the average case, man is the under-dog, merely the wage earner, for his Goddess, the wage-spender? And is there a danger that in the increased cultivation of respect of man for woman (without any demands of respect of woman for man) the male sex may slowly but surely fall into insignificance, someday to be more than ever, the humble servant of her lady, the Goddess?

Where is woman? Enthroned on the high seats of the mighty garbed in silks and satin, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. Where is man? At the foot-stool, kneeling in worship before the feminine goddess he has created, kneeling with bared head and craving one more opportunity to pay tribute to the higher human.

Equal rights for woman, says the Sufferagette, I wonder if she knows what she is talking about and if after all, she would be willing to change the scale of things, and perhaps indeed, grant equal rights for men.

WAYSIDE THOUGHTS.

The greatest part of life is its hopes. Anticipation is always more interesting than realization.

More real workers and less agitators is the need of Canada. Agitators seldom accomplish any good, save to awaken discontent and nurture trouble.

There is money in Canada in the promoting of legitimate schemes and too many real opportunities offer to necessitate the encouragement of illegitimate schemes.

If there were more "examples" and less "critics" the world would be a better and happier place to live in. The critic is usually himself the poorest type of an example.

These are the days when we ought to judge men by accomplishments and not by the number of glasses of beer they consume in a day or the amount of their cigarette bills.

A United States newspaper stated that the problem in that country was not "the unemployed" but "the UNEMPLOYABLE." The remark applies quite appropriately to conditions in Canada.

If church Christianity in the past has failed, it has been because professing Christians have made their religion too much a thing of morality, with too little a portion of charity. Preaching is a good thing but works count the most.

However severe the Western Canadian winters may be, it must be admitted they are very short. Usually there is not more than a month of very cold weather, that usually being from about the middle of December to the latter part of January.

The adage "War is Hell" is receiving more publicity these days than it used to. Also it is well to remember that the man who is opposed to war is not necessarily a coward. The slaughtering of human life to settle national disputes should have ceased long ago.

To say of a mishap, "It might have been worse," to greet a calamity with "Whatever is, is best," and to trace the silver

linings of the cloud even before the black covering is off, this is true optimism. And to live in that spirit, is the happiest way to live.

There is one time in life when all men are silent—that is in the presence of death. There has not yet been a theory, a creed or a philosophy given to the world which can make the widow laugh beside her husband's bier. And genius, inventor and philosopher combined has to stand in awe and wonder.

A correspondent to "Worlds Work" comments that the wage-earners in their agitations are destroying the source of wages. He for one does not feel inclined to put his capital into industry which will give employment to men. If Brain ceased to provide labor for Brawn, it is hard to imagine what would become of the laboring man.

It is a pity that the gallery crowds who from their continual chatter disturb the whole audience at theatres, and apparently do not themselves appreciate emotional or educational acting, cannot confine their attendances to moving picture theatres. The cheap seats in the gallery might be a blessing to the class that goes there, but that class ought to have some consideration for those in the more expensive seats. To hear a loud laugh, or an unsavory remark from the upper gallery, in the midst of an emotional scene is not conducive to the enjoyment of respectable productions by respectable people.



A TALE OF TODAY.

BY GERALD VINCENT.

(NOTE. This little bit of verse written seven years ago and taken from the diary of the author, seems particularly fitting to present day events and "small talk" at afternoon teas. Though only sixteen years of age at the time he wrote the verse Gerald Vincent had a concise idea on the modern "hen-parties." Further poems by this author will appear from time to time.)

Said Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.,
"Can you come up this afternoon
And bring your work and stay to tea?
A few old friends, so come up soon."

Then sallies Mrs. B. at four,
And being first, with Mrs. A.,
They sit and talk the neighbors o'er,
Till some one else comes in to stay.

Now Mrs. A. and Mrs. B.,
When yet another takes a chair,
Discuss their friends with Mrs. C.,
Till yet a fourth makes entrance there.

And now the four with cackling tongue,
Exchange opinions on their friends,
Till once again the bell is rung,
And Mrs. E. "to sew" attends.

And many more guests enter in,
More chattering women join the crowd;
And plainly with the rising din,
Are heard the gossips long and loud.

At half-past five the tea is passed,
And silence for a time prevails;
As long as eatables will last,
The interest in their neighbors fails.

And when supper time is o'er,
Here now exclaim the voice of one,
"Why I've been here since half-past four,
And not a bit of sewing done."

And many more to Mrs. A.,
Although no finished work they see,
"I've had a lovely time." they say,
And hurry home to have their tea.

"FELODESE."

A SHORT STORY.

Karl Techmas was dead. The fight with him had been a hard one and a prolonged one. For nearly two years he had suffered with cancer of the mouth and each week, the disease grew a little worse and made him suffer a little more. His physicians had admitted that cure was impossible and that death would be slow, perhaps many months away, and more painful as the end neared.

And through it all, the brave little woman, who, when Karl Techmas was prosperous had agreed to become his wife, had borne the burden. She who a few years ago looked forward to a life of happiness, devoted to her family and her home was now doing day work, washing, scrubbing, the rough, unpleasant hardships of kitchen life in houses other than her own and doing this, not only that she might support her husband and her family, but that she too might pay the doctor bill and the medicine bill from day to day.

Karl Techmas was a man with a heart, a whole souled man and to him the scene presented by his wife's sacrifice was harder to bear than the sufferings of the cancer. He knew he could never get better, he knew that later the physicians' bills would grow larger and the medicine bills would grow larger and all the time his sufferings would increase. He knew too, that dead, his life insurance policy would give his brave little wife enough money to discontinue her daily drudgery. And knowing these things, he suicided, taking at an opportune time just a little overdose of soothing potions, and praying as he felt his sense leaving him, "God forgive me, but it is for the wife and the babies."

And the brave little wife, coming home from the toil and the sweat of the day, found him there, asleep at last on his bed of suffering and a smile of content on his face. "Thank God," she murmured, not glad that her own sacrificing was over, but glad that the man she loved had found his rest.

The priest came. He had consulted with the physician and he knew the story. For a long moment he gazed intently on the countenance of the dead man. But he breathed no prayer and spoke no comfort. Silently he gazed. Presently the little

wife clasped the hand of her spiritual adviser and tearfully she asked, "Please, a word of comfort, father."

In answer he roughly released her grasp and sternly he answered, "Felodese." The sweet little woman who all these months had toiled and wept, suddenly paled. "A coward, because he suicided?" she asked, then not waiting for reply, continued, "Is there no mercy tempered with the justice of your church? My husband gave up his life for his family, for me, as Christ gave up his life for the whole world."

The priest murmured softly, "Personally I do not condemn, but officially I must. This is sad, pitiful- that is all." The little widow answered firmly; "And you have no word of praise for the sacrifice of a hero?" "Perhaps," answered the priest, "but I dare not say it."

And the world- at least the most of it, agrees with the official attitude of that priest.



VANITY.

One of the most regrettable features of the world of today is its vanity. Whether you want to believe so or not, it is a fact that folks are getting more vain as the ages roll by. It is quite the rare thing to find a man or a woman who is perfectly natural, unassuming, lacking in unpleasant mannerisms. When you do find such a person, you meet a treasure.

Perhaps the reason some of us are so fond of children and so fond also of very old folk, is because in youth and old age is found the man in the natural. There is a sweetness about the frankness of a child that invites favor and a kindness about the frankness of an aged person which demands respect.

In high life (so called) the mannerisms of the people are so marked, that just a casual observation is necessary to perceive that "Nobody is natural everyone is wearing a false coat." In the lower and middle classes also the mannerisms are just as noticeable and the vanities just as objectionable. Many a starving widow, filled with this spirit of vanity would scorn as an insult a kindly offered free meal. That vanity is just as absurd as the vanity of the "upper ten woman" who would rather stand in a car than seat herself beside a sister of more humble means.

The greatest vanity, that is false vanity, of today, probably exists among young girls, girls aging all the way from eighteen years to thirty years of age. The man who sets out bravely and with determination to court the one he admires, has got to "toady" to various forms of vanity which cannot be described by pen. He has got to accept the mannerisms or give up the ghost.

Frequently you hear this remark. "She is really not half so bad-natured as she seems, she puts that on for effect." Or you may hear this, "Beneath those mannerisms she is very sweet and good." Some day perhaps girls will wake up to realize that they will win better results both in matrimonial ventures and otherwise, by acting perfectly natural and by endeavouring to be "as nice as they look."

Men too are vain. The most amusing vanity among men is that found among "small officials." The village Justice of the Peace will walk on legal points whereon High Court Judges would fear to tread. A country constable demands that his

title "Constable" always be affixed to his name, whereas the City Chief of Police would say good naturedly, "Call me Bob." Vanity too is often found among church officials, some of whom are so swallowed up in self importance that they seem to forget just what the church stands for. Then again various political officials are buried in a conceit and vanity which is ridiculous, never clever.

In this connection it might be well for those under the ban of extreme vanity to look into history and see there a few truths which illustrate that the greatest successes in the church, in business, in politics and in social life, have been the men who at all times were "Natural and unaffected" and who considered life too short for the harboring of vanity.

Vanity is usually falsity, and falsity at all times is a detriment, never an asset.



THE POPULATION POSSIBILITIES OF CANADIAN CITIES.

It is not an unusual thing to find occasionally these days, a man of slightly pessimistic views, who when reviewing the growth of Canada during the past dozen years, will perhaps say, "You are growing too fast," and who in commenting on the growth of Canadian cities will state that "the pace cannot keep up." Such pessimism is of course from the mind of men who refuse to make comparisons.

Taking the largest cities of Canada, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, it is interesting to note that the populations of these four cities put together, do not equal half the population of the second or third largest city in the United States.

We are apt to think that Toronto with its population of roughly 375,000 is a pretty big burg, but there are in the United States about fifteen cities with a population as big as Toronto's. We are proud of Montreal with its population of roughly 470,000 but we forget that United States has eight cities as big as that and some of those cities that we don't hear very much about.

Out West, there is considerable vanity over the populations of Winnipeg and Vancouver, and even those cities, pessimists say "the limit is reached." It is surprising perhaps to some to be told that United States has about 40 cities, each with a population exceeding 100,000 people. Such cities as Syracuse, Spokane, Atlanta and yes even such cities as Paterson, New Jersey and Richmond Va. are as big as Winnipeg and Vancouver.

It would seem therefore ridiculous to imagine that Toronto and Montreal had reached the limit of possible Canadian city population in Eastern Canada and folly to state that Winnipeg with less than 200,000 and Vancouver in a similar state, had reached the limit of growth in Western Canada.

Comparisons between the cities of Eastern and Western Canada are not without interest. Ontario for instance has some twenty cities, each of which has a population exceeding 10,000, while in comparison with that Province, Saskatchewan only has three such cities, Alberta has three and Manitoba

only has two. British Columbia boasts of four cities with populations exceeding 10,000.

Calgary and Edmonton are sometimes called the wonder cities of the West, with Regina and Saskatoon coming under the same favored term. Yet Halifax and St. John in the un-boomed Maritime Provinces are as big as Edmonton and Calgary; and Ontario has over half-a-dozen cities as big as Calgary.

In the East, Hamilton, Ontario, with its population of 90,000 is looked upon as a marvel of city growth. yet the United States has forty-five cities as big or bigger than Hamilton. Neither Calgary, or Edmonton, or any of the other Western wonder cities (with the exceptions of Winnipeg and Vancouver) are as big as Hamilton.

Who then can say that the Canadian cities are growing too fast either in the East or the West, or that most of the Western cities have already reached their population limit? With Calgary and Edmonton still about the size of St. John and Halifax, with Moose Jaw, Regina and Saskatoon still smaller than most of the Ontario cities, with the population of Winnipeg and Vancouver combined still smaller than that of Toronto, and with most of the towns too small in population to be in the running for city incorporation, it is surely more sane to believe that Canada even in its cities, is still in its infancy. The possibilities of population in Canadian cities has every inducement to become as large as what has happened in the United States. When it reaches that limit, Montreal may have a population of 2,000,000, Toronto a population of 2,500,000, Vancouver a population of 1,000,000, and Winnipeg a population of 1,500,000. And when the limit has been reached Edmonton and Calgary may boast 300,000 each, with Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Regina and Medicine Hat in the same running. But no one dare say that the city population limits have been reached in the infant Canadian cities of today. And let anyone who thinks these figures of the future insane, study the population figures of New York, of Chicago, of Philadelphia and of San Francisco, and let him also study the comparisons of the growth in these cities during the past fifty years. It will be easy then to imagine what may happen in Canada in the next fifty years, not judging from insane optimism but from very sane comparisons of what has been done in the past.

(Figures here quoted are according to 1911 Census. Most of the cities mentioned, United States and Canadian, will claim bigger populations than the 1911 Census gave.)

THE EMBROILMENT.

A SHORT STORY.

With Franklin Mann the effort to be a financial success had been a continual struggle. Financially the world would say he had been a failure. That does not mean that he had found it necessary to assign for the benefit of his creditors, for he had always been able to pay one hundred cents on the dollar, but nothing more.

His wife, the woman who ten years ago had cast in her lot with the man she loved, had been faithful and devoted. To bring up the family of four children, well clothed and well fed, had meant good management and careful economizing. They had been happy, but no golden eggs had been placed in their basket.

"Is there no future Franklin, nothing but this until the end?" She queried her husband, not complainingly but resignedly, sad perhaps, but not bitter.

Franklin was a worker, a toiler of the six-day a week class. He was honest and he was ambitious. He paused a moment before answering the query of his wife, then he answered solemnly. "I see no future but this. We will always have our little home, our clothes, our food and our housing paid for, but nothing more. The old world is making the chances less and the opportunities are harder to grasp. With nations, as with men individually, it is continual preparation for the rainy day. Nations build ships and equip armies in preparation for the bloody war which is supposed always to be imminent. And we men, save what little we can to pay the doctors bills and the funeral expenses—the only sure event in our unknown future."

"When we married," answered his wife with a brave attempt at smiling, "we thought the future was bright before us. We built castles in the air and dreamed dreams of future brilliancy. And if it is true that the first ten years of married life is the happiest what can the future hold for us? "We are growing older and consequently feebler and of less use to the world."

They sat in silence for a moment, when suddenly from the distant room came the cry of a child "mother." Then the hand of Franklin Mann clasped his wife's, their eyes met and they smiled. Hope, ambition optimism, this was the awakening

again. This was the strength of life, that midst all the strife and tumult and disquiet of the present day, that from all the black clouds of unrealized hope, ungiven ambitions, there was a bright star which still guided, which still whispered, "have faith, the future will be bright."

And together they whispered, "Our children." How could there be discouragement, failure, pessimism in the future when just at the time when they could lay down their activities, the cudgels would be taken up and the battles fought by "Our children." The embroilment of life was brightened, the clouds were cleared away and all the forecasts promised, "fine and bright sunshine tomorrow."



AMBITION AND THE COST OF LIVING.

Every little once and awhile, some part of the world forms a Commission for the Investigation into the High Cost of Living. In every magazine there is an occasional article which endeavours to explain this present-day problem and to suggest a remedy. In the meantime the cost of living goes up and still capable people continue to live, and live well.

The high cost of living is due to the ambition of man, there is not any doubt about that. Away back in the days of our grand-fathers it was possible to buy a dozen of eggs for ten cents and a pound of butter for fifteen cents. But the laboring man only earned about a dollar a day, sometimes less and the professional man and the tradesman a corresponding wage.

Suddenly some of the classes got together and said, "We must have higher wages;" and because they were organized they got higher wages. Here then was the commencement. The farmer came to the conclusion that if the laboring man and the tradesman got more money for his time, then he too should get more money for his time, and he was perfectly right. The chain was started, but where, oh where will it end?

Every day the world of man grows more ambitious. Every tradesman, every laborer, every professional man wants a little more money and this ambition of the modern day is most worthy. There are more possible luxuries than there were in the olden days, more ways to spend money.

With of course the exception of the unemployable, the man who makes his life a round of idleness, drunkenness and laziness, the average man today, even the average laboring man, has luxuries that the wealthy only could possess a few years ago. It is not unusual to see a piano, a sewing-machine, a gramophone and various other luxuries in the home of a man who labors in the ditch and no living person of average charity, envies that man his home luxuries. And probably if the easy-payment plan of buying automobiles becomes as prevalent as all the other "Dollar down and dollar a week scheme," it will not be unusual in a few years to see nine out of ten laboring men the possessors of automobiles.

The increased cost of living is due to the ambition of men

and we can reduce it only by reducing this ambition. If we can make men satisfied with less wages, less luxuries, less pleasures, we can get back to what so many agitators refer to as "The Good Old Days." And what would that mean? It would mean that the laboring man would return to his salary of a dollar a day or less, that the tradesman and the professional rates would go down accordingly. It would mean of course less horses and carriages, less theatres, less automobiles. and we admit, it would also mean cheaper eggs, cheaper butter and cheaper meat.

But not with the "law of average" in vogue, will it ever be possible to reduce the cost of living when the wage rate continues to go up. It is questionable if very many men would be willing to return to the terms of the so-called "Good old days."



SANE AND INSANE SOCIALISM.

Go to the dictionary, look up the word "Socialism" and here is what you will read, "A theory of civil polity that aims to secure the reconstruction of society, increase of wealth, and a more equal distribution of the products of labor, through the public collective ownership of land and capital, and the public collective management of all industries, often popularly but erroneously applied to communism." To complete the dictionary description we look up the word "Communism" and this is what we read, "A doctrine or practice calling for the abolition of private property and absolute control by the community of labor, religion, social relations, etc."

The new dictionary if it is complete at all, will give a new description to the meaning of the word SOCIALISM, which will be numbered two, and will read something like this; "An irrational mixture of doctrines and theories advocated by human failures in life, mostly a tirade against the successes of human endeavour."

Sane socialism as taught in the earlier days was quite reasonable and not impossible of attainment in civil life, but the chances for success of sane socialism are being killed by the present day "insane socialism," the mixture which uneducated agitators are using to embitter the man who happens to be a failure in life against the man who was smart enough to be a success in life.

The irrational socialist agitator stands on a street corner and speaks bitter personalities. His talk is along these lines, "The manufacturer is our enemy, the capitalist is our enemy, our employer is our enemy." He ignores the fact that throughout the country the Governments are striving to give better education, better opportunities and more optimistic chances to every man. He ignores the fact that already the wages of working, and laboring men are being increased at a faster rate than the wages of professional men. He forgets that the freedom of educational facilities, the freedom to worship and pray as he wills, the freedom to do as he wills, are all blessings which if he would settle down and "keep busy" would make him a happy man.

The capitalist is not planning some method to injure the worker. The manufacturer is not scheming to crush his em-

ployees and neither is the man who is a success in life, making any endeavour to trample under foot, the failure in life.

In Canada at least, there is little need for socialistic agitation of an insane nature. Every man who wants to work and is willing to do his best, ought to and can be happy in Canada. The call to arms in this Dominion, ought not to be in the nature of embittering men against their employers but in convincing them that their future success lies in working in unison with their employers.

If there is abject poverty among men of Canada, nine times out of ten it is because these men either refuse to work (being apparently of the hook-worm type) or they spend their earnings on daily "sprees" and in frequent and unnecessary "big times." Taking the average working man's wage at \$2.50 per day, which is equal to the average store-clerk and the average book-keeper's wage, there is no reason why with the husband earning \$15 per week, the wife should find it necessary to do chore work, or the children go bare-footed. So far, there is no grievance in Canada, save the temporary quarrels between certain organized classes and their bosses.



